



ADULTS ONLY



NO. 6
75¢

SLOW DEATH



Rand

PSSST...HEY!

*...HEY YOU!
PSSSSST!...*

*...HEY CAN YOU SPARE SIX BITS FOR
THIS COMIC BRO?... I WANNA BUY A
CUPPA GAS ... NYUK NYUK ...*

*WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU?
... CLASSIC SCIENCE FICTION IN
LONG SLEEP BY METZGER
... HORROR GALORE AS WHITEY GETS HIS
IN WHITE MAN'S BURDEN BY JAXON
... AND FOR ALL YOU ANIMAL LOVERS
TWO CHARMING STORIES ABOUT PETS
... BACK TO NATURE BY DALLAS
AND RAW MEAT BY HOLMES*

*...ENUFF VICARIOUS
THRILLS TO MAKE YOU
URP YOUR GRANOLA*



SLOW DEATH 6

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R. TURNER, Man. Editor.

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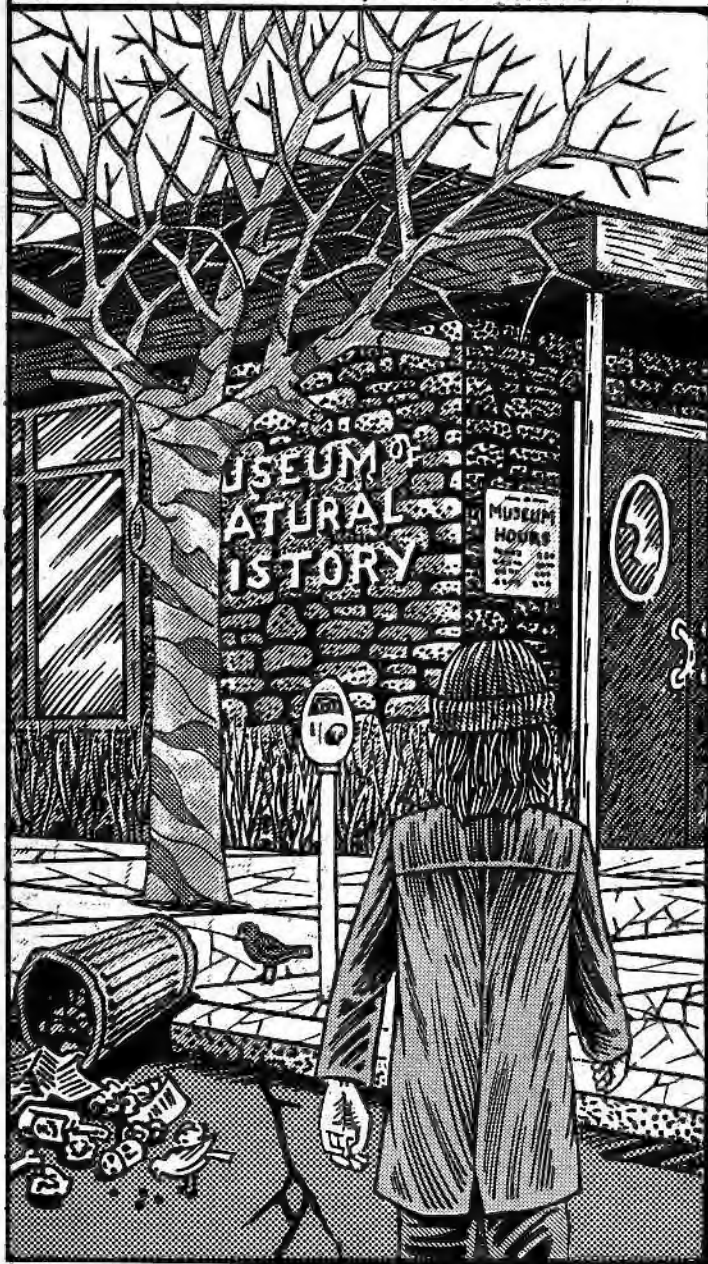
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CALL OF THE WILD

ON HIS FREQUENT EXCURSIONS TO CITY PARK ERNIE OFTEN VISITED A SMALL NATURE MUSEUM. IT WAS A CHAMBER OF HORRORS FOR HIM, BUT HE SEEMED DRAWN THERE BY SOME STRANGE, COMPELLING FORCE.



HELLO ERNIE—HOW ARE YA TODAY?



I'M OKAY, MISS MILLER.

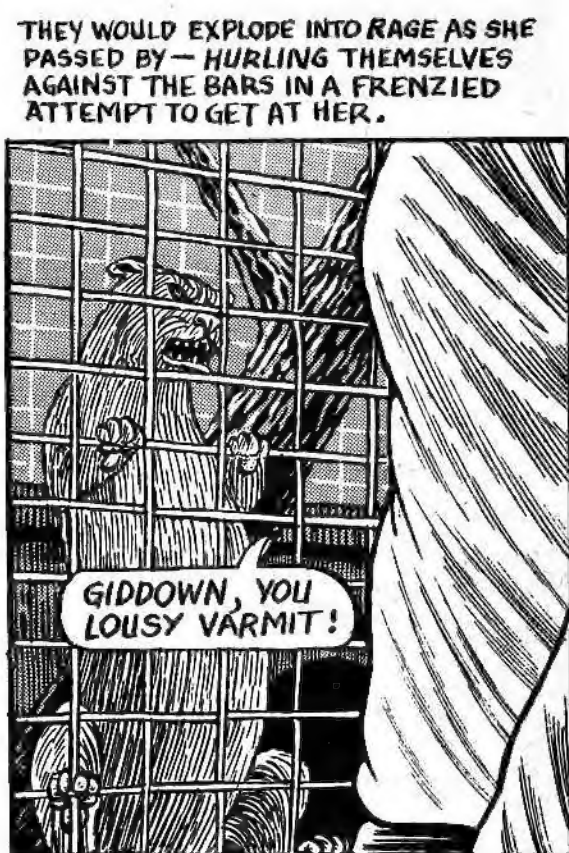


HE HATED THE OLD LADY WHO RAN THE PLACE. TO THE LIVE ANIMALS IMPRISONED THERE SHE WAS A CRUEL AND SADISTIC TYRANT.



STRIFE WAS CONSTANT-
-EVEN AT FEEDING
TIME THE ANIMALS
PREFERRED MISS
MILLER'S GLOVED
HAND TO THE WRET-
CHED FOOD IT
OFFERED.

GO AHEAD-BITE ME!
SEE WHERE IT GETS
YA!



THEY WOULD EXPLODE INTO RAGE AS SHE
PASSED BY— HURLING THEMSELVES
AGAINST THE BARS IN A FRENZIED
ATTEMPT TO GET AT HER.

GIDDOWN, YOU
LOUSY VARMIT!

IF THE ANIMAL BECAME TOO FRANTIC
SHE'D FETCH HER STICK AND
BEAT HIM INTO PASSIVITY.

MISS MILLER'S POWER WAS ABSOLUTE—
AND SHE'D BECOME CRAZED BY IT.



TAKE THAT,
UNGRA-
FUL BEAST!
YOU'D BE
DEAD IF I
WASN'T LOOK-
ING AFTER YA!

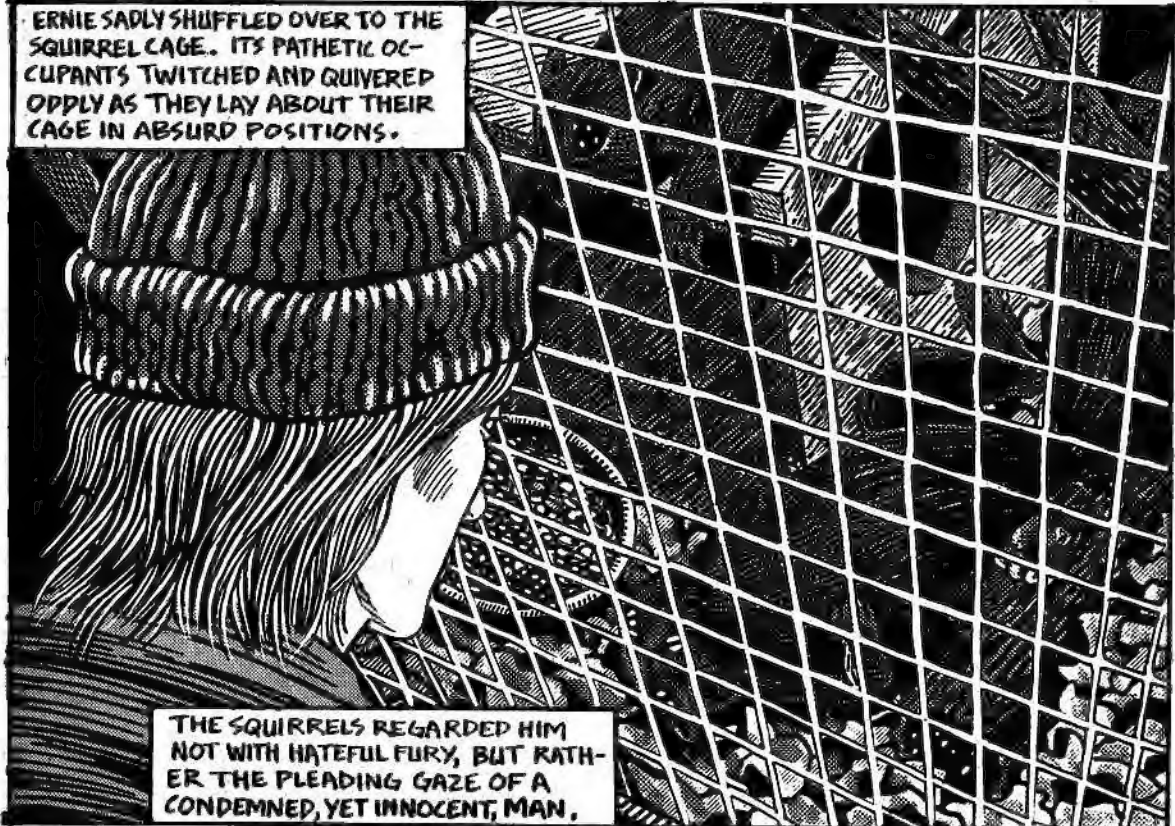
CRACK

MAYBE HE'D RATHER
BE DEAD...



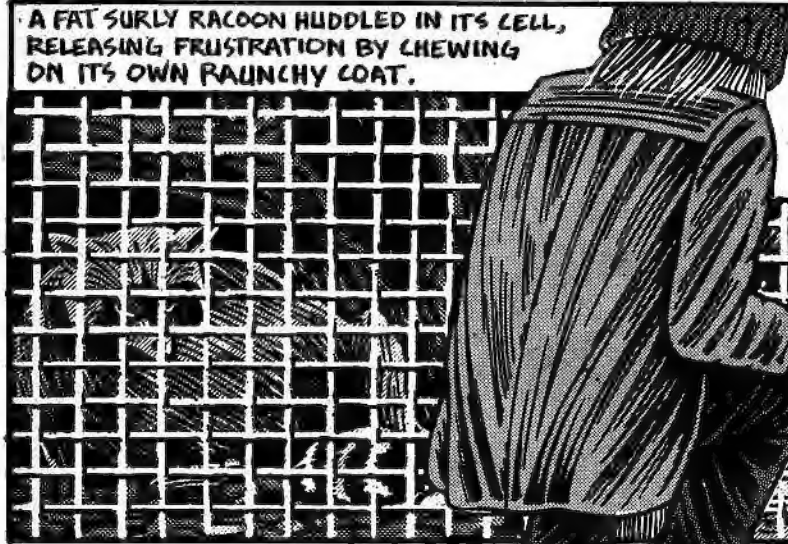
YOU'D DO
WELL TO GET
USED TO THE
IDEA THAT
YOU'RE GON-
NA ROT IN
THAT CAGE!

ERNIE SADLY SHUFFLED OVER TO THE SQUIRREL CAGE. ITS PATHETIC OCCUPANTS TWITCHED AND QUIVERED OPDLY AS THEY LAY ABOUT THEIR CAGE IN ABSURD POSITIONS.



THE SQUIRRELS REGARDED HIM NOT WITH HATEFUL FURY, BUT RATHER THE PLEADING GAZE OF A CONDEMNED, YET INNOCENT, MAN.

A FAT SURLY RACCOON HUDDLED IN ITS CELL, RELEASING FRUSTRATION BY CHEWING ON ITS OWN RAUNCHY COAT.



IN THE ADJACENT CAGE A NEROTIC SKUNK MADE PITIFUL MOCKERY OF HIS ONCE FORMIDABLE DEFENSE. HE NEVER CEASED SCRATCHING AT THE STONE FLOOR FOR A SOFT SPOT WHERE HE MIGHT DIG AND ESCAPE.

A CAPTIVE ARMY OF TURTLES PRESSED AGAINST THEIR UN-SEEN BARRIER, HOPING THEIR COMBINED EFFORT MIGHT TOPPLE IT.



THERE WERE BIRDS, TOO — OWLS, BUZZARDS, AND HAWKS CONSTANTLY SCANNING THE TINY, GLASS-FRONTED CUBICLES TO WHICH THEY'D BEEN RELEGATED — EVER SEARCHING FOR ONE TINY FLAW THAT MIGHT OFFER AN ESCAPE.



THE OLD LADY'S KEYS!



FILTHY RO-
DENT! DON'T
YOU
GROWL
AT ME!



THESE NOBLE AERONAUTS, SNATCHED FROM THEIR FREE AND OPEN REALM, WERE MOST TRAGIC OF ALL. UN-USED MUSCLES, NEVER A-GAIN TO SOAR ABOVE THE WIND, COULD ONLY TWITCH SPASTICALLY.

SO LONG,
MISS MILLER.

GRUMBLE-
EH?

THE END OF ANOTHER DAY.

GOOD NIGHT, YA FLEA-
RIDDEN GEEKS!..
I DO WONDER WHERE
THEM EXTRA KEYS
WENT...



... HELL, THEY'LL
PROBABLY TURN
UP AT HOME...
GRUMBLE, MUTTER...



QUIET YOU GUYS—
I'M GONNA LIBRATE
YA!



ERNIE PASSED QUICKLY FROM CAGE TO
CAGE, UNLOCKING EACH ONE. THE FREED
ANIMALS FOLLOWED HIM ABOUT, COOING
SOFTLY, RUBBING AGAINST HIM, AND
ALLOWING THEMSELVES TO BE PETTED.
FOR THE FIRST TIME THE TINY MU-
SEUM VIBRATED WITH LOVE AND UNDER-
STANDING.



COME ON NOW—
WE WON'T HURT
YA!

BUT STILL THERE WAS SOME-
THING AMISS— SOME-
THING UNRESOLVED.

ERNIE OPENED SOME BACK WINDOWS BUT THE ANIMALS STUBBORNLY REFUSED TO LEAVE.

FEARFUL OF DISCOVERY, ERNIE HIMSELF USED THE ESCAPE ROUTE, HOPING THEY WOULD FOLLOW BEFORE MORNING—



—AND THE ARRIVAL OF MISS MILLER!



SUDDENLY THEY WERE UPON HER ——— A FRENZIED WAVE OF RIPPING TALONS, BEAKS, CLAWS, AND TEETH.



THE
MUSE-
UM'S FIRST
VISITOR WAS
ERNIE, ANXIOUS
TO SEE IF HIS REVO-
LUTION HAD SUCCEEDED.

CC

IT WAS QUIET AS A TOMB, EXCEPT FOR THE STEADY DRONE OF FLIES AS THEY POURED THROUGH STILL-OPEN WINDOWS. BLOOD AND ANIMAL DUNG COVERED THE FLOOR...



THE CAGES REMAINED UNLOCKED, BUT WERE NO LONGER VACANT - WITHIN EACH ONE RESTED A CRUDELY SEVERED PIECE OF MISS MILLER'S BODY! ERNIE WAS PREPARED FOR SUCH A SIGHT BUT, EVEN SO, FEAR AND REVULSION CURDLED HIS INSIDES AS HE WENT ABOUT REPLACING EACH PADLOCK HE'D REMOVED THE NIGHT BEFORE.



RETURNING HOME, ERNIE WASN'T SURPRIZED TO FIND SEVERAL OF HIS COMRADES SPLATTERED ACROSS THE ROADS - IT WAS TO BE EXPECTED. BUT AS THE OWL HAD ONCE TOLD HIM; FAR BETTER TO DIE FREE... THAN LIVE IN A NATURE MUSEUM.

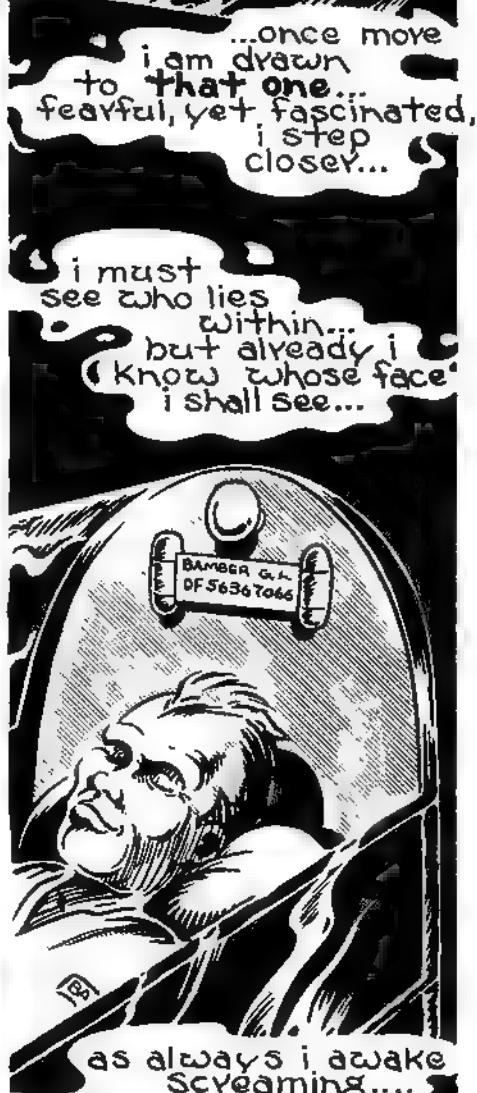
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END.

THE LONG SLEEP



it is the same dream as always.... i am moving down the long corridor of the crypt, among the yacked coffins...



...once more i am drawn to **that one**... fearful, yet fascinated, i step closer...

i must see who lies within... but already i know whose face i shall see...

as always i awake screaming....



YOU ARE NOT RESPONDING TO TREATMENT AT ALL, DOCTOR BAMBER, BUT RETREATING DEEPER INTO THE FANTASY. WHAT FASCINATES YOU SO?

the cold.

PSYCHOVALIZER JB-313

THE COLD?
CAN YOU
EXPLAIN?

If you were a human, rather than a machine, I wouldn't HAVE to explain! to a human living in this city where the average temperature is -180° cold is an exotic luxury... I loath and dread the heat... I remember when I was a young intern, first assigned to the staff of a Skyhook compact building...

One day, a heat wave... 24.6 wagners... the off duty alarm summoned me to the medi-cubicle...

Wha?

get into your cool-suit, Bamber. the building's cooling system has failed. 143 dead in the first 3 minutes..

the maintenance crew had to laser thru the fused doors of the comapts—inside everything was slag—the fold-in wall furniture, plastic walls, the people.... all fused together....

condominium
apartment
complex

i was useless, sick
in my helmet— cold,
delicious tremors
coursed thru my body...

...perhaps i
prefer the coolness
of death to the
heat of life..

PLEASE, NO
DRAMATICS.
I WILL
ANALYZE THE
DREAM. CON-
TINUE YOUR
OBSERVATIONS
OF YOUR
DREAM, DR.
BAMBER.

I remember the
space... the long, long vault, stretching on before me with no
end in sight... a feeling of infinity... so different from...



umm

..my
com-
apt

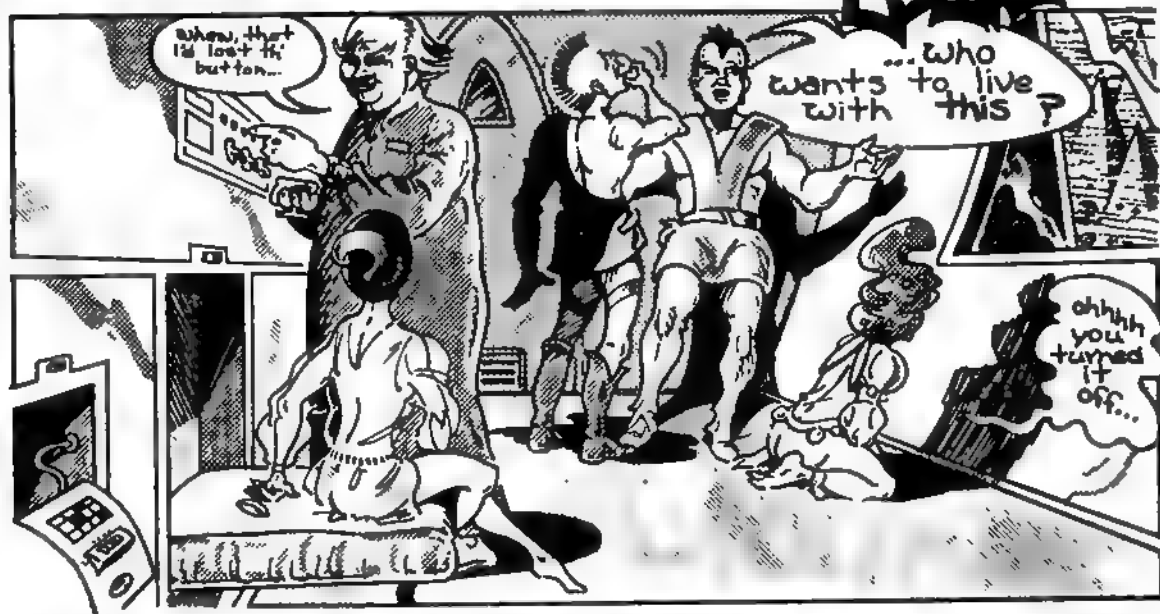
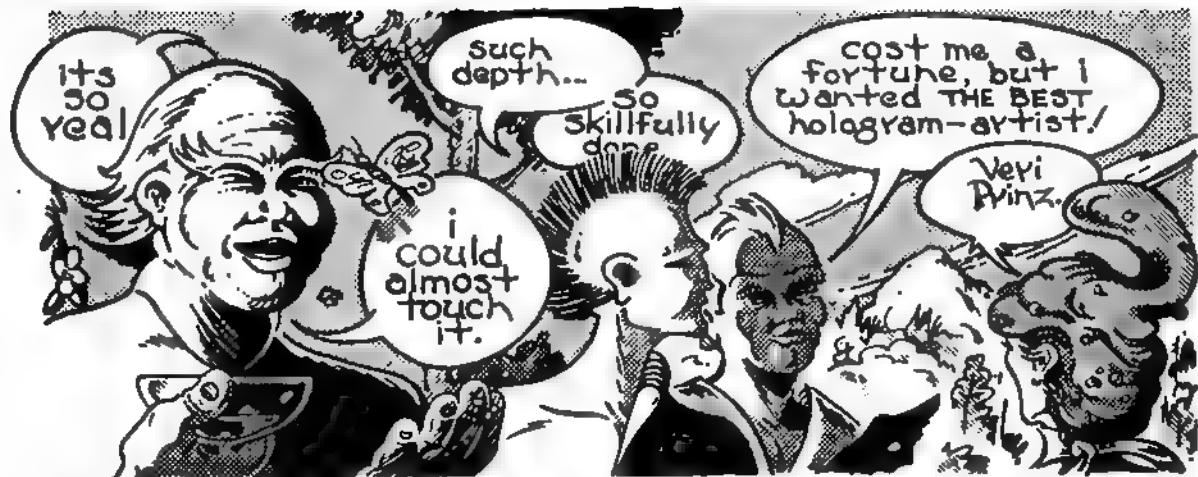
just
beautiful,
Bamber adds
blue sky...

ohh
look

a
crazy
fall

it's
so
alive!

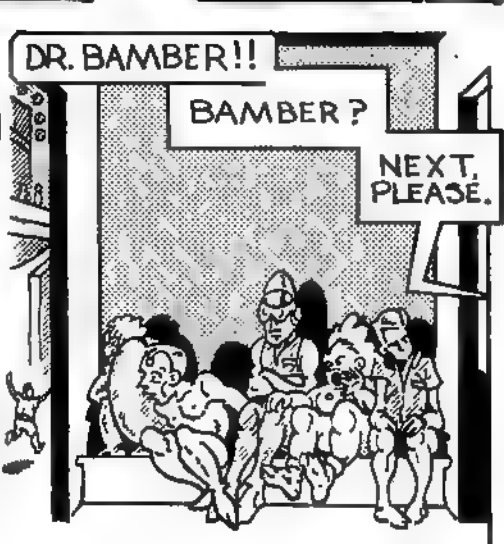
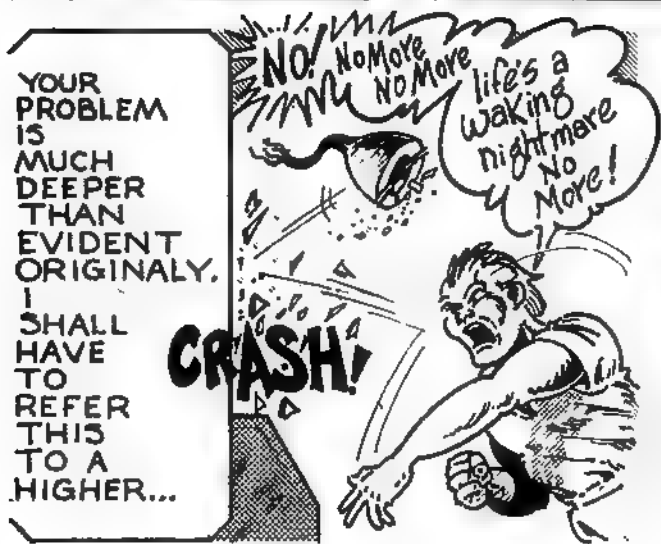
listen..

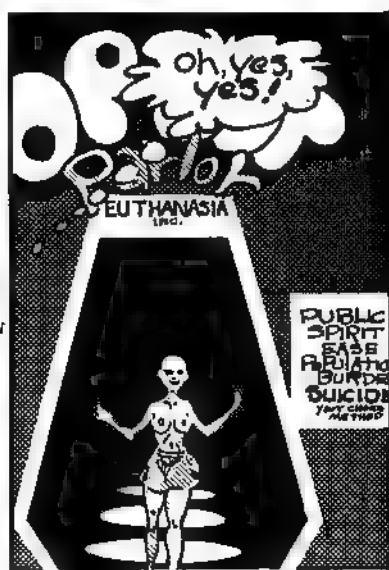
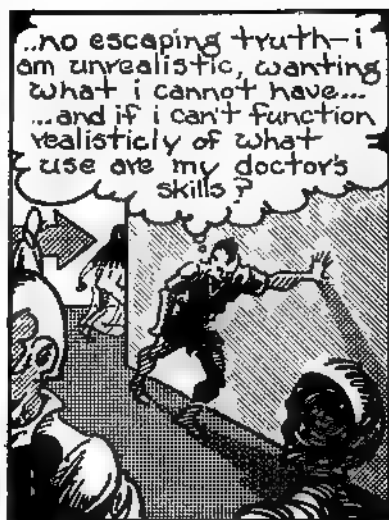


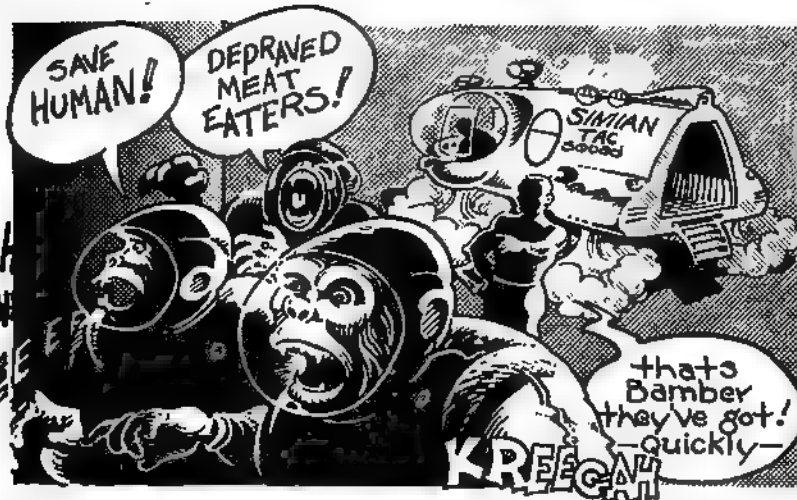
MAXIMAL POPULATION
MEANS MINIMAL
SPACE OCCUPANCY.
BE GRATEFUL YOUR
PROFESSIONAL STATUS
ALLOWS YOU TO
AFFORD THE LUXURY
OF ILLUSIONS.

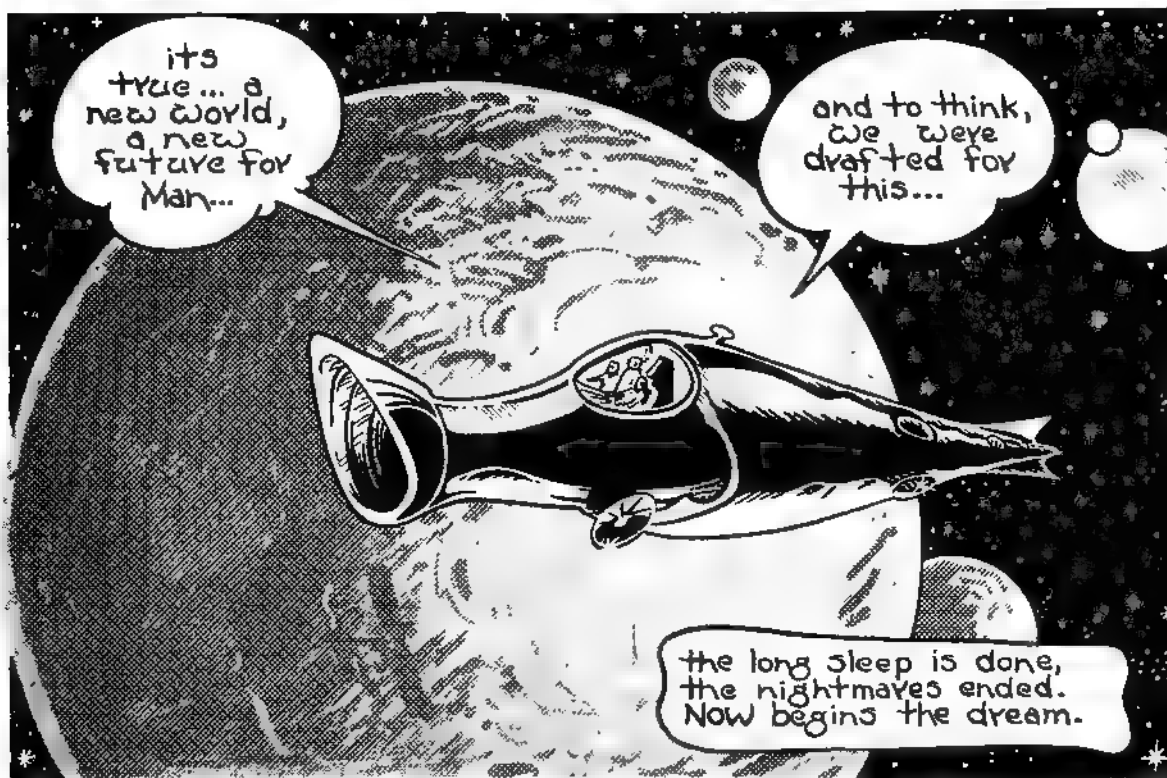
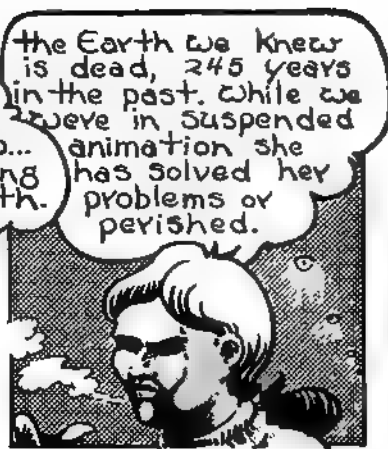
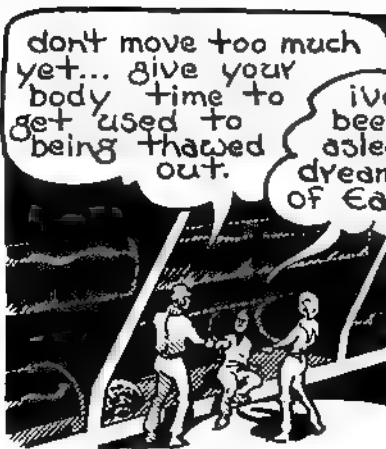


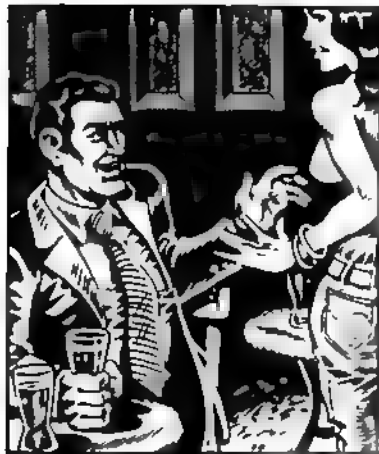
A REAL TREE
WOULD DIE
UNLESS YOU
CONSTRUCTED
AN ARTIFICIAL
ARBORETUM.
BE REALISTIC.
CHANGE THE
SUBJECT. HOW
IS YOUR
SEX LIFE?











SAT. NITE AND JOE LUNCHPAIL IS AT HIS FAVORITE BAR HOPING AS HE PUTS IT- TO PICK UP SOME STRAY NOOKIE BEFORE THE EVENING IS OUT.



SO WHO NEEDS YA? Y' STUCK-UP BITCH!



WELL SAY...HEY !!!...LOOKEE WHAT JUST WALKED IN

JOE DOESN'T GET MUCH...HE SEZ IT'S BECAUSE MOST WOMEN ARE A BUNCH A STUCK-UP CUNTS...THE REAL REASON IS THAT HE'S AN INSENSITIVE-LOUD-CHAVINIST

BUT EVEN A HONKY LIKE JOE MANAGES TO SCORE ONCE IN A WHILE... AFTER ALL, HE IS A FAIRLY IMPRESSIVE LOOKING 180 POUNDS OF.....

















IT IS ALMOST OVER NOW: THE 'WHITE MAN'S BURDEN' IS BEING WRESTED FROM HIM - PRIED FROM FINGERS FROZEN IN DEATH - SEVERED FROM THE SHOULDER WHERE IT HAS CLUNG SO LONG THAT IT HAS BECOME A SORT OF DEFORMED HUMP - A CANCEROUS GROWTH, SLOWLY EXTENDING ITS FOUL TENDRILS TO CHOKE THE SOUL OF ITS HOST - AND THERE IN THE DUST OF DEFEAT, THE IRONY WAS SUBLIME, FOR NOT EVEN THEN DID THE WHITE MAN RECOGNIZE HIS GUILT - HIS INSATIABLE LUST FOR CONQUEST AND SUBJUGATION THAT HAD FINALLY UNITED THE THIRD WORLD PEOPLE AGAINST HIM - HE STILL BELIEVED THAT "CIVILIZING" THE OTHER PEOPLES OF THE EARTH WAS HIS SACRED DUTY: A SOMEWHAT DISAGREEABLE TASK THAT OFTEN CALLED FOR HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE; A CROSS HE HAD BEEN CALLED UPON TO DRAG THRUOUT HISTORY; "PAYING DUES" FOR BEING THE SUPERIOR RACE - IN SHORT, THAT "GOD MADE ME DO IT." IT ALL WOULD HAVE BEEN A LUDICROUS JOKE IF HE HAD NOT DRIVEN THE HUMAN SPECIES TO THE BRINK AND PLACED THE EARTH ITSELF WITHIN A BREATH OF TOTAL ANNIHILATION - BUT THE OP-
PRESSED PEOPLES - THE BLACK, BROWN, AND YELLOW RACES - HAVE AT LAST GRASPED THE INSIDIOUS MAGNITUDE OF THE WHITE MAN'S CURSE, THE DEMONIAIC POSSESSION THAT WILL NOT LET HIM REST UNTIL HE HAS OBLITERATED EVERYTHING, INCLUDING HIMSELF - THEY HAVE FINALLY UNDERSTOOD THE TRUE NATURE OF THE STRUGGLE AND AROUSED THEMSELVES AGAINST THE 'WHITE DEVIL'.

THEIR COALITION HAS SUCCEEDED IN PUSHING THE WHITE RACE ACROSS THE WASTED PLANET, BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL FOUNTAINHEAD IN THE FROZEN NORTHLANDS - IT IS HERE THAT THE REMNANTS OF THE NORDIC PEOPLES ARE MAKING THEIR LAST STAND, BEWILDERED BY THE VINDICTIVE INGRATITUDE OF THEIR FORMER SUBJECTS, PROTESTING THEIR INNOCENCE TO THE BITTER END -

WHITE MAN'S BURDEN



AT THEIR MAKESHIFT HEADQUARTERS, COALITION COMMANDERS ARE DELIBERATING THE FATE OF SEVERAL CAPTIVES, THE SOLE SURVIVORS OF THEIR SECTOR — PERHAPS OF THE ENTIRE WHITE RACE...

A REAL SPECIMEN,
AIN'T HE?

SMALL WONDER THAT THE WHITES
ARE SO FAR GONE, WITH A LEADER CADRE
LIKE HIM FOR INSPIRATION...

ALMOST ENUFF TO
MAKE YOU THROW UP!



GOTTA KEEP
ONE JUMP AHEAD
OF THESE YO-YO'S



BEFORE THE WAR HE WAS PROBABLY
A HIGH-PAID BUSINESS EXECUTIVE, A
'CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.' NOW HE'S NOTHING
BUT A SNIVELING, FAGGOTY LARD-ASS
WITH A BAD CASE OF ROOT ROT.

GILB, HOW'D HE
KNOW ALL THAT? NA,
MAYBE THESE BOOGERS
ARE SMARTER THAN
I FIGURED...



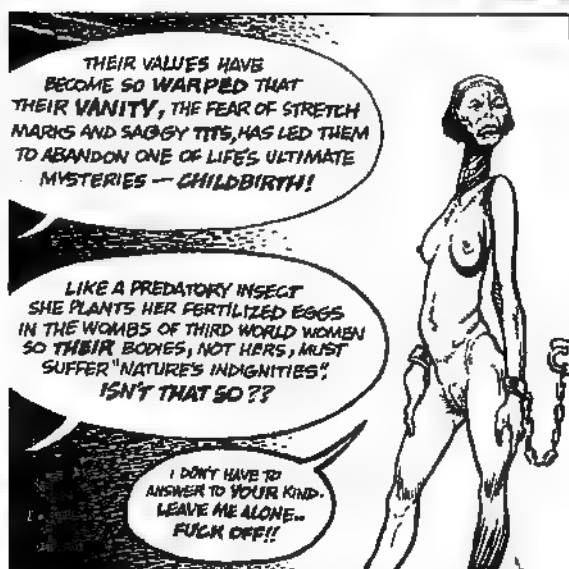
YOUR TIME IS PAST, BOSS MAN! YOU'VE DONE
SHOT YOUR WAD. ALL YOUR TECHNOLOGY,
YOUR PUSH-BUTTON LIFE-STYLE HAS FAILED YOU.

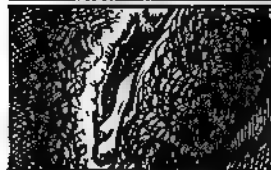
GURK
HUH??



WAIT...GAK!
LET ME GO AND I'LL
MAKE IT...WORTH
YOUR WHILE!







BUT THIS ONE... ANHH, HE'S DIFFERENT.
IT'S HIS KIND THAT HAS KEPT 'WHITTY' PROPPED
UP THIS LONG. HE'S DUMB, BUT HE'S YOUNG AND
STRONG. HE HASN'T MADE IT INTO THE CORRUPT
POWER ELITE, BUT HE'D SURE LIKE TO...

...NOW HE
NEVER WILL.



NOW, BOY, LISTEN TO THE CHARGES AGAINST YOU:
YOU HAVE ENSLAVED YOUR BLACK BROTHERS, STOLEN
THE RED MAN'S LAND, FORCED THE JEWS TO BE YOUR
SHOPKEEPERS, AND THE ORIENTALS TO WASH YOUR DIRTY
LAUNDRY. YOU HAVE POISONED THE OCEANS, POLLUTED
THE ATMOSPHERE, RAVAGED THE LAND, WIPED OUT
THE WILDLIFE OF THE PLANET, REDUCED COUNTLESS
NOBLE SPECIES TO BONES AND DUST AND REPLACED
THEM WITH NEW STRAINS OF VERMIN AND DISEASE.

YOU HAVE EVEN DEBASED GOD TO
YOUR OWN IMAGE AND CONTRIVED AN
AGONIZING DEATH FOR HIS ONLY SON.



YOU ARE THE MOST ACCURSED
RACE EVER TO PLAGUE THE EARTH!
EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH TURNS TO SHIT!
YOU ARE DOOMED, WHITEMAN!! DO
YOU ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR GUILT??

I DUNNO WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT... YOU'RE
NUTS...



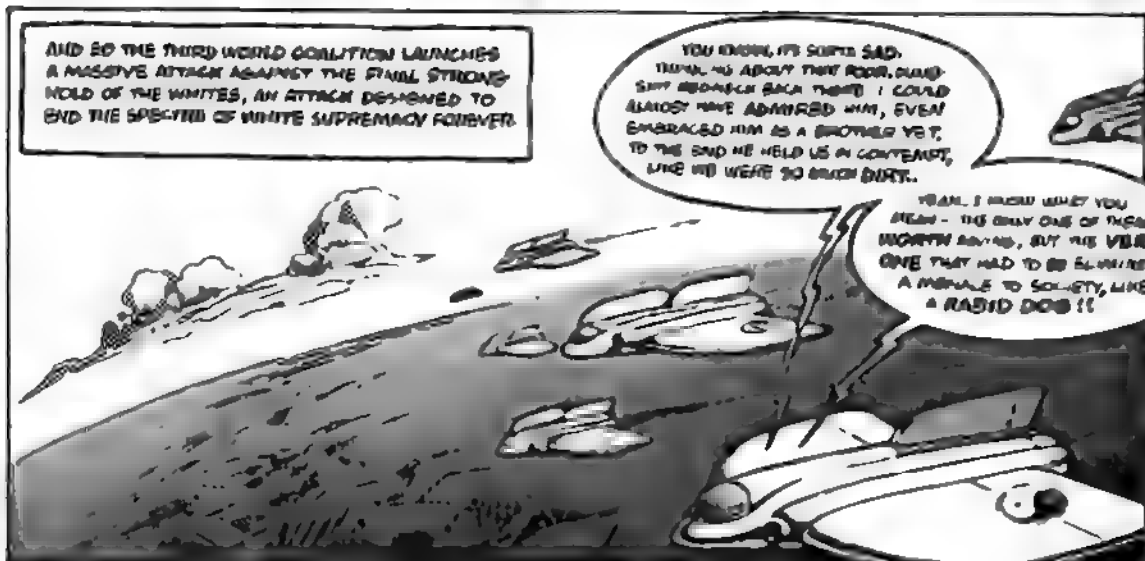
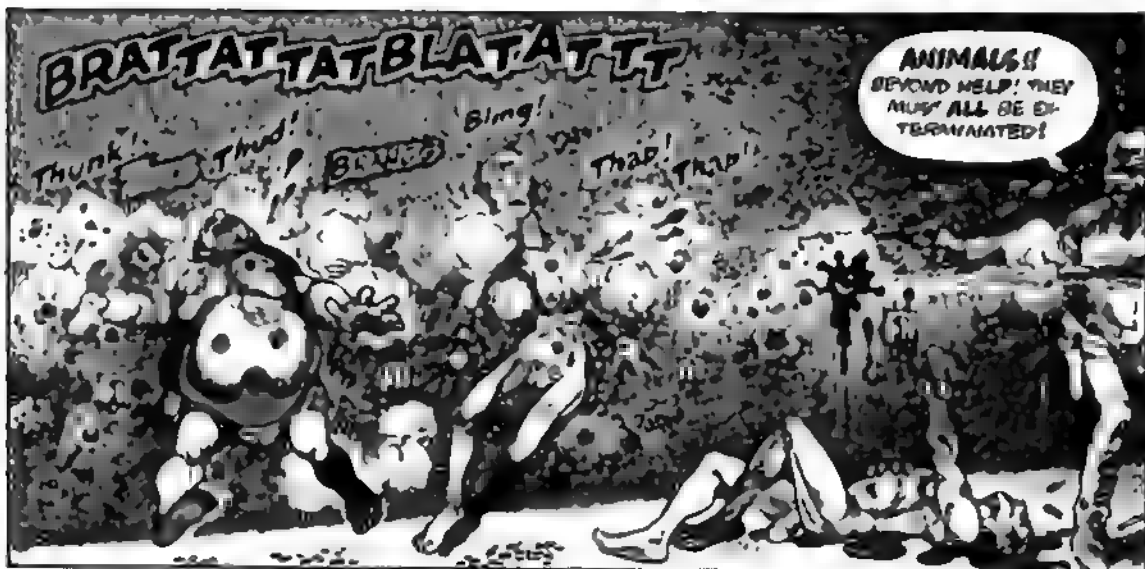
OH NO, MY OAFY FRIEND — YOU CAN'T
GET OFF THAT EASY. WE'RE GONNA FRY YOUR
BRAIN UNTIL YOU COMPREHEND THE ENORMITY OF
YOUR SINS! BEFORE WE'RE FINISHED, YOU'LL
THANK US FOR SHOWING YOU WHAT A LOW-
LIFE, DEBASED WORM YOU REALLY ARE —



CRUMBLE
SNAP



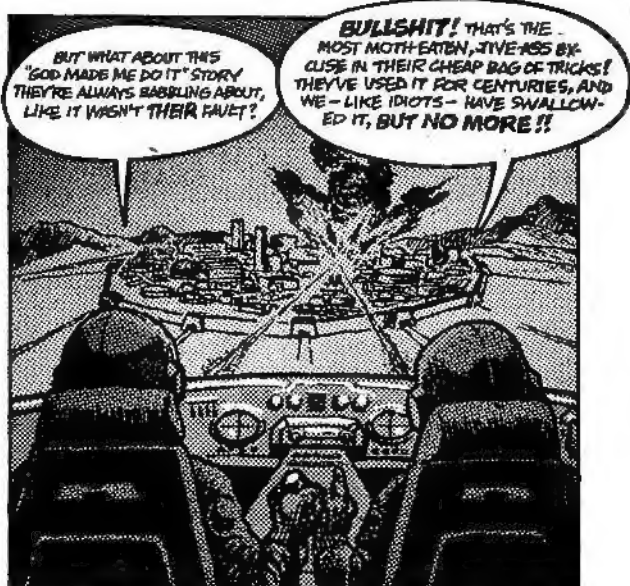
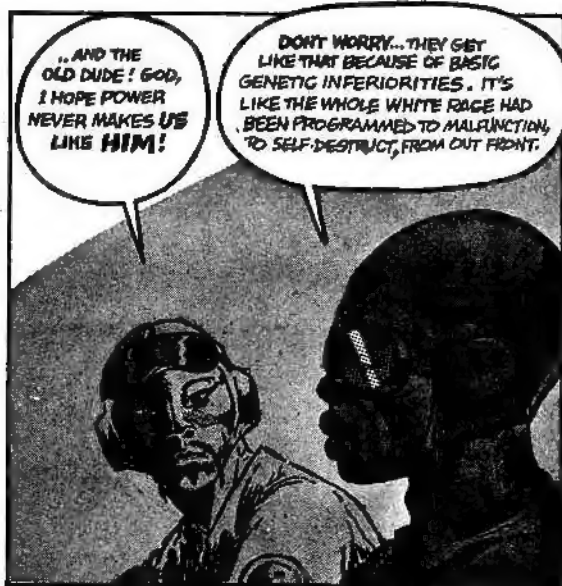
WATCH OUT!
HE'S LOOSE!!



AND SO THE THIRD WORLD COALITION LAUNCHES A MASSIVE ATTACK AGAINST THE FINAL STRONGHOLD OF THE WHITES, AN ATTACK DESIGNED TO END THE SPECTER OF WHITE SUPREMACY FOREVER.

YOU KNOW, IT'S SUPER SAD. THING IS ABOUT THAT BOY, DAVE. SAW HIMSELF BACK THERE. I COULD ALMOST HAVE ADMIRER HIM, EVEN EMBRACED HIM AS A BROTHER YET, TO THE END HE HELD US IN CONTEMPT, LIKE WE WERE SO MUCH DIRT.

YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN - THE ONLY ONE OF THEM WORTH HATING, BUT THE VERY ONE THAT HAD TO BE ELIMINATED. A MENACE TO SOCIETY, LIKE A RABID DOG IT.



THOUGH THE VOICE IS HEARD BY ALL,
EACH FEELS IT SPEAKS TO HIM ALONE...

REMEMBER ABOVE ALL THINGS:
TIME IS SHORT, AND WE HAVE
HARDLY BEGUN.



ALL AROUND US THINGS ARE DETERIORATING,
CRUMBLING, BEING SAPPED OF THEIR VITAL
STRENGTH — OUR UNIVERSE, OUR PLANET,
OURSELVES...



AND IN THE FACE OF THIS SENSELESS, FUTILE
WASTE THE HUMAN SPIRIT HAS NEVER KNOWN
SUCH INDECISION, SUCH A WALLING IN VAIN
TRIVIALLY, POINTLESS DIVERSION, HOLLOW ECSTASY



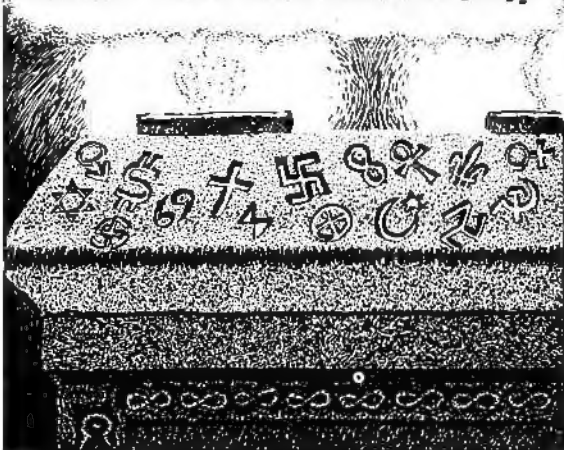
WE MUST CLEANSE OURSELVES
AND RISE PURE FOR THE STRUGGLE



TO FACE THE UNKNOWN WITH THE DIGNITY, STRENGTH
AND RESOLVE BEFITTING OUR ANCESTORS, THE DESCEN-
DANTS OF GODS — MASTERS OF THE COSMOS!!



THEREFORE, TOUCH THESE SACRED SYMBOLS, THESE
RUNES BEQUEATHED TO US BY ANTIQUITY; BURN
THEM INTO YOUR MEMORY AND TELL ME —
WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT MUST YOU DO??



END



DALLAS
7/11